

SMART AS A FOX

every time he lights his pipe!



He knows his smoke meets the INDOOR TEST



Listen, fellas! The man smoking **BOND STREET** is smart in **two ways**.

First, he gets the cool, bite-free, radiowave flavor usually found in expensive **gourmet** blends. Second, his pipe **smokes everybody**. Even the ladies like **BOND STREET**'s delightful aroma. It leaves no stale pipe odors in the room.

BOND STREET contains a **new aromatic tobacco never before used in any regular blend**.

It's **genuinely** aromatic. Doesn't lose its flavor. Try **BOND STREET**. Buy a package today.

15¢

POCKET PACKAGE
Convenient Tasting
Pocket Pouch—75¢

BOND STREET
PIPE TOBACCO

A product of FINELOP TOBACCO



provides, a **confident** intellectual citizen, who will make his home at two o'clock every Saturday afternoon and take you out every Saturday night. You may be bored occasionally, but you will always know where he is.

"But he's not that type at all!" she objects. "He's very alert and lively and engaging and..." She pauses as if she thought just another line. "He's very much like you, Bobby, and I just know you're going to like him. He's a grand person, really."

"Well, if you like him," says Captain, changing his routine, "that's good enough for me. And you will always be a sister to me."

"Please don't say that," she says. "I—well, really I don't know. Why can't we just go on as we have?"

As in the square business I haven't got trouble enough already, he's got to cut me in for 10 per cent of his own girl too.

"Well," he says, "actually, except maybe a couple's fry, will ever know what I've done for that girl. They should eat my liver in houses and put it up in the public square. They won't even have to eat it; my liver is famous already. To give you a faint idea"—he pulls out his book—"for dinner on October twelfth I had 100 away there alone of white cake with chocolate frosting, two slices of chocolate cake with white frosting, a slab of a fish's head, three capers, half a dozen coleslaw and a crab salad."

"Famous people can't eat crab," I say. "What's the matter? Is the queen for crab?"

"No," he says, "the printer was standing there waiting for the copy on cakes and pastries. You want to know what I had for breakfast the next morning?"

"No, I don't."

"For breakfast," he reads, "I had a letter and tobacco salad."

"You're making this up!"

"On the level, Willie," he says. "With these kinds of dreams, married life of coffee and sandwiches, and a slice of pickled tongue with chives."

"She must be looking for some underwear," he says. "The printer comes back."

"There is no problem here that a stomach pump won't solve," I tell him. "All you got to do is stop eating for a couple weeks and get back into circulation. This town is full of nothing but beautiful women, and they don't do anything but stop me on the street every day and ask me what's with you. I should be in such trouble myself, it would be a pleasure."

"No, Willie," he says. "This is his serious. With me she is strictly sent to shame and with 'emancipation. This is loose. And comes Tuesday, Willie, she says. The guy said he lives Florida, last night. Ten days' leave, and he's flying home with eighteen ways to make anyone taste like two-week portulacium. She read me his letters and all he writes sounds like a four-dollar tablecloth with a bottle of wine on the hem."

"And he don't write about nothing but food? He don't make with a little moon, light? He don't mention the color of his eyes, and he ain't dreaming out loud about the pattern of lady feet?"

"Not that I remember," he says. "Why, then," I say, "that's definitely nothing but food."

"With any other girl, maybe you," he says. "But you should see her face light up when she reads me about Trixie's little de Cade."

"Trixie is right," I say. "You're laughing," he says, "and I'm dying. Come, Tuesday we're both in bed to sleep. You come in, old-time hangings. I won't even be able to be on my job without an interpreter."

(Continued on Page 44)

Are You a Highbrow?



- | | YES | NO |
|---|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Do you have an encyclopedia? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. Do you read two daily papers regularly? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. Do you have a folding camera? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Is there a piano in your house? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. Do you play a musical instrument? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 6. Do you have a dictionary which you consult at least once a week? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 7. Do you have at least fifty books in your home? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 8. Do you belong to some professional or technical society? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 9. Do you read every issue of at least three magazines? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 10. Are three magazines printed on smooth paper or, if printed on rough paper, do they cost twenty-five cents or more an issue? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 11. Do you read a new book every month? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 12. Do you go to at least six lectures or concerts a year? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

If you gave more than half a dozen yeses, you are pretty definitely on the highbrow side. About 1,000,000 people in the United States wouldn't be able to answer you to a single one of these questions. The average high-school graduate checks only

four yeses; the average college graduate, only six. Probably no more than 1,000 Americans could say yes to so many as eight. Women, incidentally, average one more yes answer than men.

—HOWARD K. LARSEN, PH.D.